

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society



DEAR SUSAN:
What do you when I tell you that I know of two engagements? Knowing you as I do, I'm pretty sure that "hurry up" with more less impatience will be about all.

Amparo Martin Rivero is engaged to Thomas Nelson Ransdell. Amparo told me about it herself and then today her parents, the Cuban Minister to Italy and Mrs. Martin Rivero, are announcing the engagement in the papers.

Now, of course, you know that Amparo is one of the prettiest and most popular girls in the diplomatic contingent of Washington society and that she made her debut a year or two ago when her father was the Cuban minister here. But you do not know that Mr. Ransdell is from Manassas, and that he is a very promising young lawyer, who was graduated from the National Law School in 1910 and that he is coming to Washington shortly from South Carolina, where he now is engaged in business. The wedding will be in the early spring.

Now, for the other engagement, which I know is a real surprise. You had an idea that Amparo was engaged, but you do not know that Maj. Gen. and Mrs. Charles F. Humphrey today announced the engagement of their daughter, Helen, to Percy Lawton Harley, of Boston. Now, Miss Susan, you must tell me about Mr. Harley, because he is from your part of the world. The wedding will take place in June.

Mrs. Alexander Sharp is in charge of the plans for the ball which will be given Easter Monday in the sail loft at the Navy Yard (and for which you have promised to visit me—remember) by the Army and Navy League.

Maybe the reception and dance which John Barrett gave Thursday night with Mr. and Mrs. Francisco Yanes at the Pan-American building wasn't a fine party! It was a bitterly cold night without, but within—well, the guests wandered about the whole building and stood and watched the goldfish in the fountain like it was summertime. The party was not in celebration of anything or in honor of anyone in particular. Mr. Barrett and Mr. and Mrs. Yanes just wanted to entertain a few of the folks they know and like.

The cards had been sent out for 10 o'clock, but the hour was changed to 9:30, and it enabled many guests to come there for a while before going to the Townsend dance and the Navy Yard hop, which were among the largest events of the evening. Coming up Pennsylvania avenue to the Barrett party, we met so many people going down to the Navy Yard and before we left the Pan-American they had come up for the last lap of the evening.

John Barrett makes a wonderful host, and with the aid of Mr. and Mrs. Yanes and the party held in the wonderful P. A. building—why the combination is not to be surpassed. One little guest standing near me, remarking that somehow Mr. Barrett had a way of making everyone feel that he was giving the party just for you alone, so many people think the ballroom in the P. A. building the handsomest in town, and am inclined to think they are right.

You are perfectly right about the play "Le Mari Amoureux de sa Femme." It is the same comedy in which Viscountess d'Azy was to have appeared two years ago, when she was suddenly called to France. The play was given up at the time, but all preparations are being made for its production here, the latter part of the month. The Italian ambassador, Marquis Cusani, translated it into French from Italian.

At the White House reception Tuesday evening, the ambassador was among the few diplomats present, for the reception was for the members of Congress. He was here and there and everywhere, and on all sides was being chatted with about the play and his departure. He is most charming, and when he leaves this country, it will be a source of genuine regret.

"Friday, the thirteenth," had no terrors for Washington society folks. They revelled in it, in fact. "Ware H. Luck and A. Jinx" might have been all right for a front page story in New York or Boston, but it did not obtain in Washington.

One woman told me that Friday, the thirteenth, was a God-send, because she could get away from the cut-and-dried forms of decoration and entertainment and do something different. Really, with Lincoln's Birthday, Friday, the thirteenth, and St. Valentine's Day all in the same week, there was no limit to the scope for original ideas of ambitious hostesses.

The fact that the first real snow of the winter appeared on the aforesaid Friday and that the President was ill in bed with a cold

and was just able to get up long enough to greet his New Jersey guests, is not laid to this unusual combination of day and date which happened yesterday for the first time this year. Then, too, the day was one of the coldest we have had this winter, but then—well anyway, the Weather man in his part of Simon Legree, showed no signs of repenting.

Just to show how one hostess defied the awful day, she gave a tea and used black cats for decorations, allowed her guests to come under opened umbrellas and walk under step-ladders if they liked and still the party went off in fine shape.

I find myself tempted to take all my time to tell you about things I saw at the third of the Vice President's and Mrs. Marshall's receptions and dances. This party was so extraordinarily fine that I just feel that way about it. I never had a better time and from the number of folks there and the way they lingered, they evidently were in sympathy with me. Indeed, so late did we stay, that when I came down into the dressing-room (and I was not the last to depart, either) one poor little maid who was waiting for her mistress, and was sitting in the corner holding the cloak and furs, had fallen sound asleep.

Miss Margaret Wilson, Miss Eleanor Wilson, and Miss Helen Bones were among the young people assisting Mrs. Marshall in the ballroom, and they certainly did their part. Without a doubt, they are the most natural girls I ever saw and I never did know of anyone as spontaneous as Eleanor Wilson. She is as full of mischief and fun as can be. Margaret Wilson is making herself famous among the girls for being able to remember them after meeting them only once. That quality seems to be characteristic of this Administration, anyway.

And while I'm speaking of the mighty sweet and charming Wilson girls I must not forget to say that I saw Agnes Hart Wilson and her younger sister, Mary Ellen, at Mrs. Marshall's. They are lovely and I always feel like I wish I could have time to know Agnes Hart real well.

A real sensation was created in Washington society the other evening at one of the large receptions and dances which Doris and I attended, when one of the guests appeared in Turkish bloomers. Really. They were honest-to-goodness ones, too. Of course, this all sounds very shocking, but to the contrary, they were very beautiful and modest and even more commendable—for they were comfortable and sensible. They were made of pale green soft satin and came to the wearer's ankles, and, being very full, looked just like a skirt except when she danced. A full skirt of white net with a ballet of the same, embroidered in the edge in a beautiful flower design of crystal beads, completed the skirt. The bodice was of chiffon and the net with the beaded trimmings so much in vogue. The effect of the costume was splendid and everyone who noticed it—and no one of the several hundred guests missed it—agreed that it was the best sort of a dancing get-up. Trains are such a bother when one dances, and I think eventually they will go out entirely.

By the way, I might tell you the name of the girl who was wearing it, for doubtless you will remember her. She went to high school at the same time we did. She is Nina Thomas and she has accomplished many things since those days, for she has studied law, been graduated, and, I'm told, is practicing right here in Washington with no little success. You may be interested to know that she is even prettier than in those days when she was just a little girl, for she was one of the youngest girls in the class.

Do you remember the beautiful Mrs. Reginald Brooks, who bought the old place down in Virginia and went down there to live? Well, some one who had a letter from her the other day said she was either sailing shortly or had sailed (I forget which) for England, to visit Mrs. Waldorf Astor at their estate. Mrs. Astor is far from well and her family is uneasy about her.

So many Washingtonians are going down to the Mardi Gras. The Secretary of the Treasury and Miss McAdoo, Genevieve Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Oxnard, Miss Eugenie Pichon, Mrs. Pruym, and Miss Agnes Pruym are just a few that I have heard about in the last day or so who are getting ready to go to New Orleans. The Secretary and Miss McAdoo are in the West, and will come back by way of New Orleans.

Do you know I think the chandelier in the library of Mrs. Ben B. Bradford's house is a most attractive one. It is one of those inverted light affairs in soft, golden tones of the rather large round variety, and it is held by heavy iron chains that are quite long and the light is swung from them rather low.



MISS DORIS HOLT.

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I think I told you last week that Doris Holt had arrived in town from Manchester, N. H. Well, she spent the last week with me and such a time as we have had! It is her first visit in Washington, and seeing Washington society is one of the greatest sources of interest and amusement to the young lady. We have not missed anything that we know of, and if we did, it was because time would not permit.

To begin with, Doris is much impressed and would like to live here, where life is so grand a tea party. (That is her idea.) In the course of her various conversations about it all she has been told many queer things. Someone told her the other afternoon at a tea that Washington was a city of unfinished sentences. Be that as it may, but sometimes a Congressional investigation puts a fine finish on a life sentence. Then, too, she was told by a callow youth at a dansant that anyone who had six car tickets and a dress suit could do society here. Another brilliant young creature murmured that any woman who had a box of confections and a half-pint of grape juice could entertain lavishly here in Washington. Another told her that several hostesses favored dansants because they would draw from the personnel of their servants an excellent orchestra for the popular style of dances. Then, of course, the time-worn expression, "Gibble, Gabble and Get," is somewhere in her diary. Of course, she is keeping a diary. Every real enthusiastic young girl who visits Washington for the first time should, and Doris does.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, of London, has been in town visiting her sister, Mrs. Pilling, in Fifteenth street. Monday, she will go to New York to make an address at a dinner party and do a few other things and then she will come back for another visit in Washington. During the few days she has been going almost nothing socially. Her voyage over was rough, and she has been resting up and enjoying the society of her kinsmen.

Absolutely *entre nous*, now Susan, who's who among society's dancing men? Myron Parker, jr! Yes, I suppose you'd mention him first. Marcus Jordan, yes and don't forget Lieut. John ("Jack") London. Well, you've mentioned three of the best, girlie, but there are others in the same class—Daingerfield and Peachy Spencer, for instance. Terspichorean talent seems to run in that

whatever your decision, it won't be used against you.

That Adonis-like Parker man, of course, has it on Marcus and Jack in form. It'd be almost impossible to say which of the three is most graceful. Marcus, with Rhoda Fullam, is unbeatable. That navy couple, London and Emily Beatty—well, where could you find any pair to dance better? Myron and his sister, Ruth, would just make any theatrical manager offer all kinds of salaries. They could go on the stage any day and make good. Why they are compared to the Vernon Castles right along.

Now, how about a decision? Who's who? You're just like every other girl, Susan. One moment Jack and Emily are the best, the next its Marcus and Rhoda and then its the Parkers. Our argument moves in a circle.

Mrs. Walter Field McLallen, of Columbia City, Ind., who is visiting the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall, is delightful. She is not a very large person, is of the very dainty blonde type, and possesses much of the natural, frank, manner that makes Mrs. Marshall such a favorite. I am beginning to wonder if all folks from Indiana are not mighty nice. All that I have had the pleasure of meeting so far are, at any rate. You know how well I like Helen and Mabel and Perry, and they all hail from the Hoosier State.

At the reception the other night I noticed what a strikingly handsome gown Mrs. McLallen was wearing. It was one of those imported robes of black beads with a design in silver and the bodice was entirely of silver lace.

Mrs. Bird McGuire, who recently was mentioned by some foreigner as being, in his opinion, one of the prettiest women in Washington society, impresses me in much the same way. Some one asked me the other evening who the beautiful women in green velvet was and added that they thought her exquisitely lovely. Her gown was of apple green panne velvet, made with a pointed train and a draped skirt with a very soft bodice of silver net over flesh-colored chiffon. She wore slippers of the same shade as the gown and her hair, which is nearer a golden red than any other color I can think of, was arranged rather full around her face and a little high, and, in all, her get-up was distinctly "good taste."

Mrs. Frederick A. Britten, who is becoming known as the "pretty little wife of the new member of Congress from Illinois" is to be thanked for an innovation in afternoon tea dances. At her party, everybody had the best time you ever heard of and met everyone, too, and all those who wanted to dance certainly got a chance. Mrs. Britten introduced a brand, spandy new idea in having the leader of the orchestra call during the dance "Change partners." When this order

was given, everyone stopped dancing and took hold of hands and formed a circle and then the guests went around a circle exactly like we used to do in the old-fashioned circular two-step, everyone meeting the other, and when the leader of the orchestra called "Dance," you danced with whomsoever you happened to be nearest at the time. Oh, it was loads of fun!

Of course, there were a few who did not stop dancing when the order was given at first, but they were laughed at until they decided they would not be selfish.

Mrs. F. W. Tenney, of Baker, Ore., who is a house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Britten, at the Highlands, assisted her sister in receiving the guests. Mrs. Tenney certainly does live up to her family's good looks. She is much like Mrs. Britten, except she is a little taller.

At the Britten tea I also saw a couple doing a new step that is precisely the same as the "ripple" we used to do at the beach about five years ago.

Old-fashioned biscuit, baked in real down-South fashion, are coming into style in Washington and the fad has been set by Mrs. Wilson. At each of the state receptions hot biscuits (nice little round, brown ones) with butter and minced ham in them, like a miniature sandwich, have formed part of the delicious buffet supper which is always served in the state dining-room at these functions.

For the last reception 30,000 of these were baked in the White House kitchen, and as many were baked for the reception before, and when the reception was over and the Secretary of War came into the dining-room to get some refreshments for the receiving party, there was scarcely enough left to go around, so you can see that the biscuit is popular in Washington.

Preparations for the Georgetown prom, to be given at the Willard Monday night, February 23, are coming along famously. Almost every member of the faculty has accepted invitations. Mr. and Mrs. Tumulty will be there, and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Culp have accepted. Frank Barrett, you know, is the chairman of the prom committee, and he told me that he had a big surprise in the way of favors and programs up his sleeve. Of course, as it is a George Washington celebration, I suppose they will be appropriate for the occasion.

The hours have flown along this afternoon as I have been writing this, but I must stop now because it is nearly time to dress and catch the train. I'm going out to Frances Lindsay's valentine party tonight.

Accept this letter as a valentine greeting from

Jean Eliot

Saturday afternoon.

Advance
Display of
Beautiful
Spring Styles

Leverton's
1106 G Street
THE HOUSE OF FASHION

These
Values
Cannot Be
Duplicated

Preliminary Showing of
Spring Suits, Dresses and Waists

To encourage early buying we have marked these spring garments at exceptionally low prices. The newest spring and summer fabrics are here in almost endless variety. We're selling spring wear now more than ever before at this season of the year.

SPRING SUITS
Now at \$19.75, \$25, and \$35

These are exceptional values that will cost much more later. No charge for alterations.

NEW SILK DRESSES

Tailored, crepe de chine, laces, charmeuse, and all the New Colors. For Afternoon and Evening Wear. \$15, \$19.75, and \$25.

These are specials for now only.

SMART SKIRTS

In plaids, fancy cloths, checks, and plain cloths. Special now. \$5.95, \$8.95, and \$10

Hundreds of Dainty
SPRING WAISTS

Silk chiffon and lace waists, \$5 and \$5.95. Lingerie, crepe, and voile waists, \$1.98 and \$2.98.

Advance Spring Millinery

Now showing some very smartly trimmed hats at \$7.50 and \$10. Special at this price and cannot be duplicated.

Final Closing of Winter Stocks
Every Garment Must Go

Coats sold to \$40, to close at \$6.50, \$10 and \$15.

Suits sold to \$45, to close at \$10.15.

100 Waists, silk, chiffon, and lace, sold at \$10, to close at \$2.85.

